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Their Wild Fierce Appearance-Their Wives and Children-Startling Advent Into the But of a Mountain Distiller.

Afoot in Ireland.

BUNGRANA Ireland, Oct. 10 .- [Special

orrespondence of THE BEE. |- Down from the mountain district of Inishowen, in the region about Cardonagh its ancient village capital, to the remantic shores of Lough Swilly, is a wild and pleasant way. Here and there the blue Lough gleams through pass and ravine. The scent of the heather is wafted through the hills. Shepherd boys, and often lasses, with their little flocks and faithful dogs, dot their purple sides, or stand in pastoral picture at the jutting edge of some crag above. scanning me with alert and wondering interest as I tramp the ringing road below. Nestling in mites of valleys are ivy-grown hamlets of half a dozen houses, a chapel or church spire breaking through a mass of green and white like a mighty russet spear. Off to the south, beyond historic Inch, stands the noble Grianan upon the mount of Aileach, like some imperishable entinel of first-world antiquity. Far up the Lough on island and liff, half hid by mingled foliage and mists, are the gray, grim ruins of olden eastles, crumbling cromlechs, deaying duns, and the loftier masses of those splendid mysteries, the round towers of Ireland. Beyond all to the west, beyond an hundred peaks and half-lined crests of Donegal highlands, looms the majestic summit of Lone Errigal. Who can wonder, amid such scenes, that the heart-fibres of the Irish are rooted indestructibly, like ivy upon desolate abbeys, into the very mold and ruins of their native land?

The eastern shore of the Lough is a succession of ruins, dainty villages, like Buncrana and Fahan, and of pilgrimhaunted shrines. Over to the west are wilder shores, huts, round towers, fishers' cabins; and here and there the patched sails of the herring fishers' smacks tie white against the background of the headlands and hills. Here the sweetest herring known to man are taken; and because of my idyllic days and nights at the seines, the weirs and the drives, along the charmed shores of our own Passamaquoddy, at Fundy's tide-roaring mouth, I wanted to know these brawny fisher-folk of Ireland's north. They have not the cheery content of our own. The Quoddy her ring-fisher is the sunniest, jolliest, "roaringest" fellow in all the world. He is pious to a ludicrous degree, and withall the most delicious smuggler of the American Canadian boundary line which will be wiped out altogether directly, as the world reads the prophecy of progress. In fact he is a valient defender of his own faith, and a firm respecter of none. But the Lough Swilly fishermen are a different lot. As in all else, in this old land, their toil is without reward beyond bare existence. Hence, they are sodden, hopeless, hard, But they are brave and strong as iron. They have tremendous frames; are brown as bronze; and form groupings of startling impressiveness. They are simple and peaceable, I am told. But wanted; were fleets to be fitted out with men for work giving one a shudder to contemplate; these seagiants would furnish incomparable human, heartless flint. And if they are flint, their wives are steel. I am sure it was not a Yetholm Gipsy but a Lough Swilly herring-fisher's wife, that Scott drew in his grewsome "Meg Merrilies." Come upon these women suddenly in their huts, if you wish to meet even fiercer beldame than Scott's magic pen could limn. Above six feet in height, broad and strong as their burly mates, with legs corded like a man's, and bare to the knees; with arms ong, crooked and fleshless as wood; with flat, hairy breasts often bared from neck to the waist, and tanned by salt, sun and wind to the color of the mottled alder bark; with wide jaws, half toothless mouths, sunken cheeks, eyes blue-black and flashing from deep, vellow sockets, and brows bushy and ragged with bristling hairs; with narrow, creased foreheads, and great, wide saffron-colored ears set straight out from behind like dirty "wing-andwing" sails; and their square heads crowned by once black hair, faded into snuff-brown like an ill-kept animal's. which is matted and knotted upon the shoulders, and frequently to the waist;— and you have but the faintest picture of this half-animal who subsists upon kelp, pulse, black oat-cake, and half-raw fish that the buyers, who come to the beaches in their carts from Londonlerry, refuse as even unworthy of sale

to mendicant and crouching man-beast of the town. And the children of these? They drag out the same horrible lives; help make the British navy; turn trai-tor to the brood of half-pirates behind, becoming the most remorseless of coast guard, or mountain poteen-hunting, oficers; stow themselves away at the risk of their lives, in the coal bunkers of the great steamers bound for America; or turn outlaw and man-hater in their own country or in other lands. And yet how the old blood occasionally blossoms through this limitless degradation. A daughter of just such an one as I have pictured was the most perfect type of wild and simple human beauty I ever beheld. Bare-legged and bare-breasted as her mother; brown as a hazel nut; ignorantly innocent of fear; for four copper coins she rowed me across Lough Swilly to where her father's work lay at mending the seines, like an Amazo nian man-of-war's-man; while I sat speechless, contemplating her marvelous beauty and majestic proportions, hating myself because I was not altogether an artist; and wendering, in all reverence, why God, or God's nineteenth century civilization, could not wait upon the African missions for a little

and reach to and succor such as these. Lough Swilly herring fishing differs so greatly from that of our own north-east coast that a brief description may be of interest. With us the Quoddy boat is invariably used in every manner of service; and at Eastport fish are taken in just three ways: By the seine, in daylight at shore edges, or above the shallows where the tide runs swiftly and favorably; in the weirs, built, when the tide is out, of palisaded, interwoven poles, in the form of a printer's mark of interrogation, into the lobe of which the herring run, where they are gath ered with nets; and by "driving," night, when a torch attracts the shoals to the side of a swiftly rowed boat, and the fish are literally dipped into it with a "scoop-net," a bushel or more at a sweep. Here the fishermen use the

always done here by night, and never in the same manner as on the Quoddy. It is gill-netting fishing exclusively. The seines, which have a three-fourth inch mesh, are each about one hundred feet long and twenty feet wide. Six of these spliced, floated with wooden bobs," and sunk straight with leaden inkers.form what is called a "stand. With this the boat, propelled by a crew of four men, is rowed to the "grounds" which are constantly being changed agreeably to weather-wise or superstious fancy; the seine is "payed out," over the side, and the men idly doze or smoke their pipes of bitter black twist and pear, the boat and seine meanwhite floating at will. The seine is 'boarded" over the side and "shook out," that is, the fish are shaken and picked off into the boat, three or four times between night-fall and morning. The result is simply one of luck, and depends entirely upon how many her-ring have run their heads into the meshes of the net. At daylight the ishers repair to the beaches at Inch. where buyers come with carts from Derry. About a half-penny apiece paid for the "catches," which under this system are at all times most meager. The fish are shipped fresh to Bel fast and Dublin; and sometimes the choicest of the herring find their way to Liverpool and London. There are about 50 crews on these waters: perhaps 300 men are engaged in the work; and fully 2,000 souls live and starve on her-

ring-fishing in the Lough Swilly.

pass it with but a pleasant reflection upon its nestling beauty. Yet there hovers about the little spot perhaps the deepest and most attractive ecclesiastic and historic traditionary interest to be found in the north of Ireland. The Abby of St. Mura was here founded in the early part of the seventh century the region roundabout was, nearly 300 years earlier, a favorite haunt of St. Patrick himself; St. Mura's holy well is still seen; and for eleven centuries footsore pilgrims have come hither for healing through the efficacy of prayer. Our so-called "faith-cure" is not young More remarkable than all, an unflinch ing protestant, Dr. Walter Bernard, of Londonderry, the noted antiquary whose single-handed labors restored the Grianan of Aileach, here set a noble marble cross to mark the shrine for weary Catholic wanderers. I do not know whether this particular cross has ever been by ceremonial sanctioned or blessed. It does not matter. That sort of a civilized deed consecrates itself and all of the things that go with it. To the Irish of all lands an impressive fact holds interest here. The most eminent successor to St. Mura was Maelmura (the servant of Mura). Of this erudite bardic historian it is recorded in almost inspired verse: The great and fertile lyeland never produced a man like the mild, fine Maelmura. * * * There mixed not a nobler face with the dead." I do not believe there is a loftier or morpoetically expressive sentence in at languages than that last. It is to this most ancient of Irish historic bards, who died in 880, that Ireland owes the pres ervation of the first accounts of Milesian or Gadelian race. It is found in Maelmura's Duan Eireannach, or Poem of Ireland, written about 850. The bard relates that on the enguling of Pharao, the Egyptians were angered with the children of Niul, who were descendants from Fenius of Scythia, for declining assistance in pursuing the Israelites. Fearing enslavement they seized Pharao's described ships, and fled by way of the Red sea, India and Asia to Sythia, their own country. After a long time, Asruth, son of Gadhael (or Gael, from whom the Irish have been ealled Gael), proceeded with the descendants of Niul to Taprabana (Ceylon), when, 290 years thereafter, at the destruction of Troy, Brath, nineteenth in descent from E an expedition "to the north of the and, passing Crete, came to "Espain the peninsular." Conquering a certain territory, his son Breogan, built a city called Brigantia; and finally, sallying from a lofty tower he had built on the coast, his son, Ith, a brave explorer, discovered an Eri or Ireland, as for as Luimnech (Limerice), the

country about the mouth of the Shan-I had not yet ascended Slieve Snaght (mountain of snow) and as some little before, I had enjoyed probably the grandest sunshine scene from the massive walls upon Aileach to be found in all Ireland, I determined before leaving the extreme north, to witness the set ting of the sun, if some lucky absence of the almost ever-hovering mists might permit it from the loftiest peak of Inishowen. The determination gave me an unexpected, somewhat startling and altogether ludicrous adventure From Fahan I reached the upper foot hills of the mountain in a half day' journey over the circling and intersecting roads, with some little time to spare among the cabins, and the white flocks, shepherds and dogs that comprise almost the only inhabitants of the neights. Leisurely proceeding in the ascent, which became quite arduous labor towards the summit, from the rank growth of furze covering treacherous pitfalls, the frequent "pockety" bogs which must be crossed at some peril, or circumvented with much effort, and from constant stumbling over half-hidden juttings of firm and frost-rotten rock, it was not until the sun had almost gone to bed in the Donegal highlands to the west, that I had gained the lofty peak, and stood where I could see

to a horizon more than lifty miles distant in nearly every direction. It is said that, like her history, Erin's mountains are the home of the mist. The mist was here; not in dense, foggy form, but floating like lightest threads of lace, back and forth, as if fairies of the upper air were already silently weaving a fleecy robe for the night. To the far east the darker shades were already filling the valleys of Antrim; and only to the north upon the Atlantic, to the south upon distant Tyrone, and between Slieve Snaght and lone Errigal on the numberless mountain sides and in the great basin of the Swilly were there remaining the heightened colors and light. There is something in the silent solitary contemplation of these scenes of surpassing grandeur which sweep the material senses like dust from the soul, and merges the exhalted spirit-consiousness into a manner of existence utterly heedless of the very earth from which it emanates. a trice of seeming the sun had sunk in heathery pillow behind Errigei. An answering pulse of flame flushed against the fair faces of the lambent forms above, trembled for an instant, and was gone. I was alone in the ghostly gloaming on the mountain top. Awakened from my dreaming and thoroughly startled I hastened with utmost speed down the peak towards where I had last seen through the purple the roofs of little Buncrana at the side of the Lough. In an increditably short time it was dark, save for the occasional starlight between rifts of gathering fog. I made a sorry mess of it now; and losing my footing altogether, fell sprawling over a ledge of detached mold and

stones. One came bowling over me

and after a fine ricochet seemed to have

crashed through the mountain-side

itself-into a perfect cauldron of Irish oaths and objurgations! More startling

through the heather and gritty

pyrotechnics with the baths through the orifice. I had no smore than regained my feet, where I had fallen upon what appeared to be solid rock, when a frowsy Irish head, preceded by a frowsy Irish blunderbus, looked me as squarely in the face, as I was compelled to confront

the face, as I was compelled to controll an embarrassing Irish dilemma. "T'row up yer hands!" says a persua-sive voice behind the gun. "At your service," says I, doing with military placetty as I was ordered. "Now-t'row down your arms!"
"I won't," says I, "fill you give me

leave, as all I have in the world are in the sky at your bidding,"
"By me troth, Derfly, that's fairly spoken," said the head to some unseen spirit below. Then kindlier, but still crispily, to myself where I still stood,

rigidly retaining my statuesque atti-"Come down out o' that!" 'I did, and in a moment more was in-

side a poteen brewer's hut, sitting

upon the very rock which had crashed

through the smoke-hole in the turf-covered roof, and nearly caused the death of the two charming innocents below. It would be a long, long tale to tell their manifold professions of industry as herdsboys upon the mountains; their effusive condemnations of the trifling, forgivable outlawry in the misty dis-tricts; and their endless and splendid efforts to hide, in various offices of hospitality, the illy-concealed evidences of their canny vocation "wid the fairles catchin' in blue-bell aprons heav'ns own dew." But all they possessed on earth was at the stranger's disposal, as But a few miles north of Buncrana on the shores of the lough is the dainty hamlet of Fahan. Most travelers would they gradually found, and warmed to that the stranger was to trusted. And after a night's rest in which, in my dreams, I was with them, one of them, in their eerie work; and a hearty enough breakfast of ont-cake and posset, got from some ravine-hid cabin before I had left my rock-shelf couch of the night; I left a bit of silver

> shouted lustily as a final pledge of good-fellowship: "God bliss America!---an' all luck go wid ye!"

with each and bid them a heart-felt

good-bye. From far below I heard them

call to me. I turned with a friendly

smile to listen. Swinging both arms

out wildly, but with an all-comprehen-sive gesture, he of the shaggy head

"Amen! And that same to Ireland!" my own voice heartily sent up the heights, to blend with his blessing. And then I turned with an elated step into the sanny morning, upon the winding Buncrana way.

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Sam Baxter was with me; I think we had gone to make a railway, or something. On the morning of the "quake" Sam and I had gone down to the beach to bathe. We had shed our boots and begun to moult, when there was a slight tremor of the earth, as if the elephant who supports it was pushing upward, or lying down and getting-up again. Next the surges, which were flattening themselves upon the sand and dragging away such small trifles as they could lay hold of, began racing out seaward, as if they had received a telegraphic dispatch that somebody was not expected to live. When the sea had receded entirely out of sight, we started after it: for, it will be remembered, we had come to bathe; and bathing without some kind of water is not refreshing in a hot climate. For the first four or five miles the walking was was very difficult. The ground was soft, there were tan-gled forests of seaweed, old rotting ships, rusty anchors, human skeletons, and a multitude of things to impede the pedestrian. The floundering sharks bit our legs as we toiled past them, and we were constantly slipping down on the flat fish strewn about like orange peel on a sidewalk. Sam, too, had stuffed his shirt front with such a weight of Spanish doubloons from the wreck of an old galloon that I had to help him across all the worst places. It

was very dispiriting. Presently, away on the western horizon, I saw the sea coming back. It oc-curred to me then that I did not wish it to come back. A tidal wave is nearly always wet, and I was now a good way

from home. The same was true of Sam, but he did not appear to think of it in that way. He stood quite still a moment with his eyes fixed an the advancing line of water: then turned to me, saying very earnestly:

"Tell you what, William; I never wanted a ship so bad from the cradle to the grave! I would give more for a -more than for all the railways and turnpikes you could scare up! I'd give more than a hundred, thousand, million dollars! I would—I'd give all I'm worth for -just-one-little-ship!"
To show how rightly he could part with his wealth, he lifted his shirt out of his trousers, unbosoming himself of his doubloons, which tumbled about in

a golden storm.

By this time the tidal wave was close upon us. Call that a wave! It was one solid green wall of water, higher than Niagara Falls, stretching as far as we could see to the right and left, without a break in its towering front! It was by no means clear what we ought to do. The moving wall showed no projections by means of which the most daring climber could hope to reach the top There was no ivy; there were no window-ledges. Stay! there was the light-ning rod! No, there wasn't any light-

ning rod! Of course not! Looking despairingly apward, I made a tolerably good beginning at thinking of all the mean actions I had wrought in the flash when I was in the flesh, when I saw projecting beyond the crest of the wave a ship's bowsprit, with a man sitting upon it, reading a newspaper! Thank fortune, we were saved!

Falling upon our knees with tearful gratitude, we got up again and ran—ran as fast as we could. I suspect; for now the whole fore-part of the ship bulged through the water directly above our heads, and might lose its balance any moment. If we had only brought along our unbralles. our umbrellas!

I shouted to the man on the bowsprit to drop us a line. He merely replied that his correspondence was already very oncrous, and he hadn't any pen and ink. Then I told him I wanted to get aboard. He said I would find one on the beach, about three leagues to the south'ard, where the Nancy Tucker went ashore. At these replies I was disheartened. It was not so much that the man withheld assistance, as that he made puns. Remember we were run-ning like the very devil all this time. Presently, however, he folded his newspaper, put it earefully away in his pocket, went and got a line, and let it down to us just as we were "Drunthan," originally a Scotch boat, sharp-pointed fore and aft, and smack-rigged for a single sail. But tishing is

lunge at it, and got it. I laid hold o his legs, the end of the rope was passed about the capstan, and as soon as the men on board had had a little grog, we were hauled up. I can assure you that it was no fine experience to go up in that way, close to the smooth vertical front of water, with the wnales tumbling out all around and above us, and the sword fishes nosing us pointedly

with vulgar curiosity. We had no sooner set foot on deck, and got Sam disengaged, than the purser stepped up with book and pencil,

"Tickets, gentlemen. We told him we hadn't any tickets, and he ordered us to be set ashore in a boat. It was represented to him that this was quite impossible under the circumstances; but he replied that he had nothing to do with circumstances. Nothing would move him till the captain, who was really a kind-hearted man, came on deek and knocked him

We were now stripped of our clothing, chafed all over with stiff brushes rolled on our stomachs, wrapped in flannels, laid before a hot stove in the saloon, and strangled with scalding brandy. We had not been wet, nor had we swallowed any sea water, but the surgeon said this was the proper treatment. I suspect, poor man, he did not often get the opportunity to resuscitate anybody; in fact, he admitted he had not had any such case as ours for years. It is uncertain what he might have have done to us if the tender-heacted captain had not thrashed him into his

cabin, and told us to go on deck. By this time the ship was passing above the town of Africa, and we were about to go astern and fish a little, when she grounded on a hill-top. The captain hove out all the anchors he had about him, and when the water went swirling back to its legal level, taking the town along for company, there we were, in the midst of a charming agricultural country, but some distance from any

At sunrise next morning we were all on deck. Sam sauntered aft to the bin-nacle, cast his eye carclessly upon the compass, and attered an ejaculation of astonishment.

"Tell, you, captain," he called out, "this has been a direr convulsion of nature than you have any idea. Everything's been screwed right round. Nee-dle points due south!"

"Why, you cussed lubber!" growled the skipper, moving up and taking a look, "it p'ints d'rectly to labbard, an' there's the sun, dead ahead!" Sam confronted him with a gaze of in-

effable contempt.
"Now, who said it wasn't dead ahead? -tell me that. Shows how much you know about earthquakes. 'Course, I

didn't mean just this continent, nor just this earth. I tell you, the whole thing's turned!" An AbsolutesCure. The ORIGINAL ABIETINE OINTMENT is only put up in large two ounce 'tin boxes, and is an absolute cure for old sores, burns, wounds, chapped hands, and all skin eruptions. Will positively cure all kinds of piles, Ask for the ORIGINAL ABIETINE OINT-MENT. Soid by Goodman Drug Co., at 25 ents per bex—by mail 30 cents.

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DECEMBER 31ST, 1862.

Assets. \$260,885 43 | Surplus \$207,158 97

DECEMBER, 31ST, 187.

Assets. \$13,073,247 37 | Surplus \$1,836,636 62

Amount of Insurance in force \$45,000,000

The Germania possesses \$10,16 of admitted assets for every \$100,00 of liabilities, a better ratio than that of any of the other three largest Insurance Companies of the United States.

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